





# The Most Amazing Factory-To-You Introductory Offer Ever Made to the readers of this magazine!

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New automotic machinery inventions and manufacturing methods now turn out GORGEOUS tountoin pens, ball pens and methodical pensis with mass production economies unheard at 2 manths ago! These tremendous sovings passed on factory-to-you. Even when you SEE and USE, you won't believe such beauty, such expert workmonship, such instant and dependable writing service possible at this ridiculous price! Competition says we're raving mad. Decide for yourself at our risk,

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Has identical hall point found on \$15 pens... NO DIFFERENCE; Rolls new 1948 inclinible dark blue hall pen ink dry as you write. Makes 10 carbon copies. Writes under writer or high in planes, Can't lesk or smudge, Ink supply will last up to 1 year depending on how much you write. Refills at any drug store. Deep pocket clip.

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pels, repels, expels. Shaped to match fourtain pen and hall pen and feels good in your hand. Unscrews in middle for extra lead reservoir and eraser. Mechanically perfect and should last a lifetime!

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only the latest manufacturing equipment and inventions Yes, only the latest manufacturing equipment and inventions could possibly cut production costs to bring a perfectly matched factory-to-you value like this. The matched barrels are practically unbreakable. Unheard of beauty, unheard of service, unheard of price and your name in gold letters on all three writing instruments as our special introductory gift if you mail coupon now! Send no money! On arrival deposit only \$1.69 plus C.O.D. postage on the positive guarantee you can return set for any reason in 10 days and your \$1.69 refunded. Could any offer be more fair? Then mail coupon today and see for yourself a new day is here in writing instrument value! yourself a new day is here in writing instrument value!

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M.P.K. Company, Dept. 493 - K 179 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 1, Illinois

Okey, "miracle man", prove h! Nomi PERFECTLY MATCHED FOUNTAIN PEN BALL PEN and MECHANICAL PENGIL with my name engraved in goil letters. Enclose years a guarantee rettilicale, "I'l pay \$1.60 plus (ew genia posluge on guarantee I can return set after 10 day trial for cash pefund, (Tay in aithance and we pay posluge).

ENGRAVE THIS NAME ON ALL 3 PIECES:

set for any reason in 10 days and your \$1.69 refunded. Could any offer be more fair? Then mail coupon today and see for	(Print plainly Avoid mistakes) Sond to (NAME)
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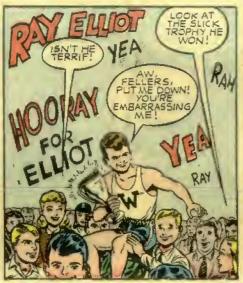






























































I THINK AN EXAMPLE SHOULD BE MADE OF YOU! YOU'RE BOTH ABOVE SCHOOL ASE, SO I'M SIGNING, YOUR EXPULSION PAPERS AT ONCE! WHETHER YOU GO TO JAIL OR NOT DEPENDS ON WHETHER ELLIOT WISHES TO FREFER HAVES AGAINST YOU! NOW GET OUT!









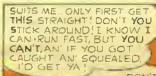












WORRY DON'T
WORRY LI'LL BEAT
IT AN' MEET YOU
IN THE CELLAR AT
YOUR APARTMENT!































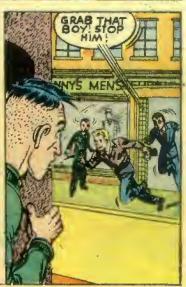






























































































































YOU GO AHEAD IF YOU WANT TO, STUPE! I THINK I'LL









YEA,

PETEY! THAT'S MY BOY!





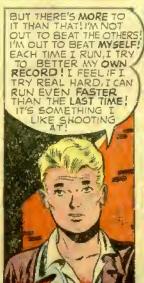


NO KIDDING, PETEY! WHAT DO YOU SEE IN THIS TRACK STUFF? WHAT'S SO GOOD ABOUT WINNING A RACE? WHERE DOES IT GET YOU? IF THERE WAS A LOT OF DOUGH IN IT, LIKE PRO-FOOTBALL, I'D UNDERSTAND! BUT TRACK...PHODEY!









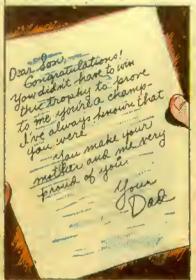


IT SOUNDS SCREWY











































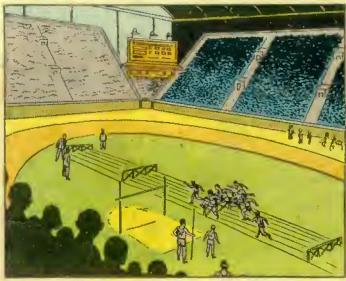
































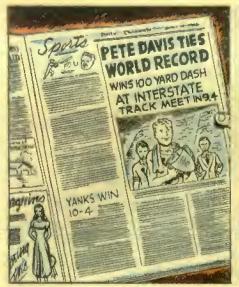














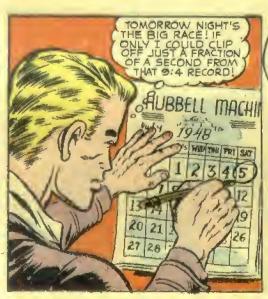
















































































## OVERDONE ALIBI

### A CRIMEBUSTER STORY

R OBERT BLAINEY, veteran sportswriter, lay dead on the floor of his study, a tiny hole in his left temple, and a gun clutched in his left hand. A police officer bent over the body, his movements swift and efficient as he applied the paraffin test to the dead man's hand to discover whether that hand had recently fired a gun.

Chief Inspector Crandell turned from his silent watching of the procedure to a plump, terrified woman cowering in a large chair.

"Where do Miss Arno and Shannon live, Clara? It's been half an hour since I sent men to pick them up."

Clara shivered as she dragged her eyes from the body of her employer. "Why—why, I'm not sure," she answered. "I think they—oh, there's the bell! Maybe they're here now—"

Crandell headed for the door. "Never mind— I'll get it."

He flung open the door and stopped, with an expression of wry surprise on his face. "Well! How did you get here?"

Crimebuster grinned engagingly. "Now, now, Inspector, what a way to greet a friend," he laughed. "You're not the only one who has a short wave radio, you know—or who knows that dizzy police code. Besides, I need a little excitement. What goes on?"

"Well, I can't promise you any excitement just yet;" said Crandell as he and Crimebuster started for the study, "but I can tell you what there is of the story, though. Blainey's dead with a gun in his hand. We don't know if it's suicide or not, but we will in a minute. His niece, June Arno, and Jack Shannon were with him earlier in the evening, so I've sent for them. The maid, Clara, found the body an hour ago—"

"Is that Jack Shannon the fighter who lost the championship the other day?"

"That's right. Come on, you can look the place over and I'll have Clara tell us the story again while you do," answered CrandelL

Crimebuster bent to examine the body, and then straightened up to glance around the room as Craudell turned to Clara.

"Now, Clara," he said quietly, "tell us all about this afternoon again. Try to remember everything."

Clara frowned. "Well, like I told you before, Mr. Crandell, Mr. Blainey and Mr. Shannon were in the study here, talking, when Miss June came. She rang the bell, and I—"

Crandell interrupted. "What were they talking about, Clara? Could you hear them?"

'No, I couldn't," answered Clara. "Oh—except just when I went to let Miss June in. I heard Mr. Blainey say, 'Here's the proof, in writing. I'm sure now that you'll change your mind about June.' That's all I heard. Then I opened the door, and showed Miss June in here."

Crandell frowned. "What do you suppose he meant, Clara?"

Clara shrugged. "I'm sure I wouldn't know, sir. I never pried into their affairs. Maybe it was something to do with Mr. Blainey not wanting June to marry Mr. Shannon."

"Oh, is that so? He didn't like the idea, eh?"

"Welt, I wouldn't want you to say I said so, sir," answered Clara. "He never told me so, really. But a couple of times I heard him arguing with Miss June, and telling her Mr. Shannon was a cheap crook." She frowned thoughtfully. "Once I heard Miss June say she didn't care what Mr. Blainey said, she was going to marry whoever she pleased, even if she had to do it over Mr. Blainey's dead body." She shivered, glancing at the figure on the floor.

Crandell glanced at Crimebuster, and then said, "Go on, Clara. What happened next?"

"I brought Miss June in here," answered Clara, "and they all said hello, as nice as you please. Mr. Blainey, he was sitting at his desk, and he asked Miss June to put some papers he handed her in the safe over there." She indicated a large picture hanging on the wall.

"A safe, eh? You should have mentioned that sooner," said Crandell. "Johnny, check that safe for prints, will you? And by the way, what about Blainey?"

The man who had been bending over the body moved to examine the safe as he answered, "Nothing on his hands, Chief. He never fired that gun."

"Aha," said Crandell. "I was afraid of that. Well, Clara—what next?"

"Nothing much, sir," said Clara, "Miss June and Mr. Shannon left in a few minutes, and then I went out to the movies. When I came back I found Mr. Blainey—like that. And—and—well, I went to the movies with Mike Maloney. He's a policeman, sir, like you, so I—well I—"

"You've got a good alibi. Ah, there's the bell again. Must be the others. Let them in, will you?"

June Arno entered first, being careful not to look at **the** body on the floor. She was a slim, pretty girl of about twenty. Her tight lips showed the effort she was making to control herself.

Behind her in the doorway loomed the heavy shoulders and familiar face of Jack Shannon, ex-champion. He escorted the girl solicitously to a chair, and turned to face Crimebuster and the Inspector, who were holding a whispered consultation with the officer who had examined the safe.

"Well, gentlemen," said Shannon, "we're both ready to help in any way we can. Naturally, we're pretty upset over this, especially since June and I are intending to be married. Bob, Mr. Blainey, that is, had only this evening told us of his plans for a reception to announce our engagement." Crimebuster's eyes narrowed, but he kept silent as Shannon continued. "I might as well tell you now that we have no idea why Mr. Blainey committed suicide. He was verhappy and normal when we left him earlier tonight."

Crandell looked quizzically at Shannon for a moment, and then turned to Crimebuster. "Talks too much, doesn't he?" Ignoring Shannon's growl of protest, he continued. "Simplest case I've seen in a long while, except for one thing. Is it one of them, or both?"

Crimebuster grinned, "I think I can answer that," he said. He turned abruptly to the puzzled girl staring at him and said coldly, "Miss Arno, we have conclusive proof that you murdered your uncle!"

The girl swayed. She opened her mouth to speak, but no words came. Shannon, however, had no such trouble. "Why, you punk! I'll smash you like a fly for that," he roared. "She was at home! What proof have you got? It's a lie, whatever it is!"

"The best proof in the world, Shannon," answered Crimebuster. "Fingerprints! Miss Arno's fingerprints, all over that safe!" Crandell started, but Crimebuster never took his eyes from Shannon's face.

Purple with rage, the fighter advanced towards Crimebuster, who leaned against the desk. "Fingerprints! What do you mean, fingerprints," he raged. "There isn't a single print on that safe! Why should there be any talk of the safe? Nothing was taken! Why should her prints be on the

safat

Crimebuster's voice was like a whiplash. "Because she opened the safe this afternoon, Shannon! Her prints should still be there—unless someone wiped them off! But you're right—there are no prints on the safe. And how did you know that, Shannon? Because you' wiped them off!" Crimebuster leaned forward to glare at th. flustered giant. "And if she had killed her uncle, Shannon, why should she wipe them off? She'd be smart enough to know that we'd expect to find her fingerprints!"

Shannon struggled to speak. "I—I—she—!"
"Go on, punk, talk," said Crimebuster. "You talked enough a minute ago—too much! Why don't you talk now, and tell us how you knew that Blainey had committed suicide? You knew that because you arranged it to look that way, didn't you? And tell us why you told us that Blainey approved of your marriage to his niece, when everyone in the room knows he tried to prevent it! Talk! if you can, Shannon! Talk!"

The big man choked, and suddenly found his voice. "All right, all right, I did it," he screamed. "That rat Blainey had proof I threw my last fight, and he said he'd give it to the papers if I married June! She had nothing to do with it! I killed him! And I'll kill you too, right now, you little—!"

Without warning, the fighter threw his huge bulk forward, towering over Crimebuster. His heavy fist swung towards Crimebuster's face and stopped in mid-air, caught in a grip of steel There was a sharp snap, a howl of pain, and Shannon lay stunned upon his back, clutching his wrist to his body.

"Looks natural that way, doesn't he?" Crandell grinned. "Take him away, boys!"

He turned to Crimebuster. "Well, you got your excitement, anyhow. Say, that was a nice trick, accusing the girl first. Why didn't you just tell me about the fingerprint angle?"

Crimebuster turned to the shocked girl on the couch. "I'm sorry to have upset Miss Arno that way, but it was necessary. You see, I figured she looked like a smart enough girl to leave her fingerprints on the safe if she had killed Blainey—but you never can be absolutely certain what a woman will do when she's excited. I had to be sure."

He turned to grin at Crandell, "But there's one thing you can be sure of, and you know it as well as I do. Let a killer start talking, and he'll convict himself with his own words. They always overdo it—always!"

The end-









STINKING

WHY, HE IS KNOWED AS BENNY











YOU REMEMBER GOOD OLD BOSTON, DON'TCHA, PHIL? HERAN A LITTLE BUSINESS IMPORTIN' TEA, AS WELL AS IMPORTIN' TEA, AS WELL AS OPIUM, AND OTHER SOME-WHAT UNLEGITIMITE COM-MODITIES! AH, FOR THE GAY AN' JOLLY TIMES WE USED TA HAVE TOGETHER, ME AND BOSTON JOHN!



SURE, I REMEMBER 1508 IN FACT, THIS IS THE ANNI-VERSITY OF POOR OLD & BOSTON GETTIN' HIMSELF RUBBED OUT TWO YEARS AGO BY MEL MASSACRE

MADE A SLIGHT SHIPPIN' ERROR AN' DELIVERED MEL 300 (ASES OF ORANGE PEKOE BY MISTAKE! SOB 908 508

AN' MERELY BE

MADE









WELL, AFTER BOSTON
JOHN HANDED IN HIS CHIPS,
HER FAMILY WOULDN'T HAVE
NOTHIN' TA DO WITH HER,
SINCE THEY NEVER THOUGHT
MUCH OF BOSTON AS A SONIN-LAW! SO SHE MOVED
OUT TO CHESTER,
PA!



















































WE WAS HAVIN'
A GOOD TIME
TILL HE HADDA
COME IN AND
REMIND US OF
BOSTON JOHN.
WHAT'S UP.
SNIFFER?

E IT'S...IT'S MRS.
BOSTON! I RECOD OGNIZED IT FROM
HER TRUNK!SHE'S
HN... BEEN AROUND
HERE!
TAKE DA
WHEEL, PHIL!
WE'LL TRACK
HER DOWN!

TURN LEFT! NOW
RIGHT! IT'S GETING STRONGER!
STOP AT A
DELICATESSEN!
DELICATESSEN!
SOME NOSE
YOU GOT!

WELL, DA SCENT LEADS HERE! CAN DAT POOR (REATURE BE LIVING IN A DUMP LIKE THIS? HOW AWFUL!

HER- WHAT WAS USED TO DA FINEST OF EVERYTHING! SHE WAS VOTED MISS RHEINSOL OF 1938!























WE GOT A TIP SNIFFER





#### THIS IS YOUR PAGE

## WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND?

\$200 FOR EACH LETTER PUBLISHED \$200

Dear Reader:

In every issue of DAREDEVIL COMICS this page is devoted to your opinions, ideas, and suggestions. Since the conception of DAREDEVIL COMICS, we have been guided by two ideals—first, the eradication of crime, and second, to give credit to the fearless detectives and officers of the law who daily risk their lives that you and we may live in a more lawful society.

CHARLES BIRO and BOB WOOD, Editors

I am a high school senior and I still keep getting one comic book even though I gave up reading all others once I entered high school. This one remaining mag is DAREDEVIL. I always read it because the characters in it are synonymous with people I know. The DAREDEVIL stories are true to life and fine literature as well as tops in enjoyment.

Hoping to read many more of your swell maga-

zines,

Sincerely yours, Marshall Blustein 3851 South Ellis Ave., Chicago 15, Ill.

You can say that again and again when you've read our other four mags — DESPERADO, CRIME DOES NOT PAY, CRIME AND PUNISHMENT and BOY.

I would like to commend you on the excellent script you had in your May No. 48 book. It is too bad that more comics do not follow your example in telling boys and girls the right way to live. Your brother comic, CRIME DOES NOT PAY, is also excellent reading. The fact that you make the performers of and acts of crime so unglamorous should be commended. Best wishes for many years of success.

Very truly yours, E. M. Smith
12 Walnut Court, Springfield 5, Mass.
If there are greater purposes in life than correcting evil, it's preventing it.

I have been up before a court, and ever since I was released. I have been reading and keeping all the copies of DAREDEVIL comics. I now have a very full library of your magnificent comic. One question, please, Why are there more strips than DAREDEVIL in DAREDEVIL comics? My opinion is that nothing but DAREDEVIL stories should be in your comic book.

I wish God's blessing on your work and integrity.

Faithfully, P. A. A., St. Louis, Mo.

Likewise.

I have just read DAREDEVIL comics No. 47. No wonder DAREDEVIL is one of the leading comics in America. The stories in it are really America. The little Wise Guys are just like a regular bunch of kids. I like Pee Wee especially. He's a credit to your magazine, which I think is excellent.

A fan, John Coakley
75 Livingston St., Lowell, Mass.
Why wouldn't it be? It's written by an American for Americans, about Americans.

After reading some of your old copies of DARE-DEVIL, I know why they are by far the best and that is the reason we have never discarded them and have kept them for future leisure reading. I never tire of the stories.

Sincerely, Rose Wong
111/2 Branham Place No. 3, San Francisco, Cal.
We hope you never will!

We have organized a club in our classroom at school. This club works for the same purpose that DAREDEVIL does . . . that is, democracy. We all read each issue of DAREDEVIL and all we can say is, "We think DAREDEVIL comics are grand."

Sincerely, Nancy Freed, Chairman 6014 N. Francisco, Chicago 45, Ill.

We think you're grand!

You are to be congratulated on the type of material published in DAREDEVIL comics. I like those comics that do not specialize in the supernatural, monsters, etc., but try to combat crime in America, especially among the younger generation. If more children read DAREDEVIL COMICS, there would be fewer delinquents. I tell all my friends to read DAREDEVIL! It has taught me true sportsmanship.

Truly your fan, Jean Fortson 2207 East 12th St., Austin, Texas

Then it has taught you one of the most important things in the world.

Please try to limit letters to about 50 words. All letters become the property of Lev Gleason Publications, Inc., and we reserve the right to edit same. Address all letters to DAREDEVIL COMICS, 114 East 32nd Street, New York 16, N. Y.



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